

Story 1422 (1976 Tape 31) Narrator: Ali Çiftçi, c. 60  
in mid-1970's

Location: Çıkırıkçı village,  
Sarıkaya kaza,  
Yozgat Province

Date:

Asuman and Zeycan

In the old days in the city of Erzincan there was a landowner named Kaleli Bey.<sup>1</sup> There was a man who worked for him but was also his partner, and this second man was named Ahmet Dervish.<sup>2</sup> Ahmet Dervish plowed the land, sowed the crops, and reaped the harvest, and the two men shared the food that was produced. Neither of these men had any children.

One day Ahmet Dervish went to Kaleli Bey's mansion to visit him, and he found the bey lost in deep thought.

"Selamünaleyküm," said Ahmet Dervish.

"Aleykümselam,"<sup>3</sup> answered Kaleli Bey

<sup>1</sup>In pre-Republican times in Turkey, a bey was roughly the equivalent of a British lord or baron. They were aristocrats, usually landowners, and often wealthy.

<sup>2</sup>Ahmet in this tale is called Dervish, but he is not a literal dervish, a member of a religious order. It is, from the point of view of narratology, an unfortunate choice of name, for another key character in the tale is a literal dervish.

<sup>3</sup>Selamünaleyküm/Aleykümselam--traditional exchange of greetings between Moslems not well acquainted with one another. It means roughly May peace be unto you/And may peace be unto you, too. If Selamünaleyküm is not responded to, the speaker should be wary of one so addressed.

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"My bey, may Allah be praised that both your good health and wealth remain with you. But why are you engaged in such deep thought?"

"Oh, who but I should be engaged in such deep thought? Very soon after my death, my name will be forgotten. I have no children to carry on my work and keep my name alive."

"But, Effendi,"<sup>4</sup> said Ahmet Dervish, "Allah is not likely to give you a child if you simply sit there in the corner and do nothing but think. Let us disguise<sup>5</sup> ourselves and wander about the country for a while. During our travels we may possibly encounter some holy person through whose help Allah may give both of us children

"What you say is very wise," said Kaleli Bey. On the following morning, therefore, the two men disguised themselves, mounted their horses, and began wandering aimlessly through the countryside. After traveling for a few days,

<sup>4</sup>A mild honorific, comparable to Sir, it usually follows a first name: Hasan Effendi. At one time, it was used to show respect to distinguished people, but it has become so devaluated in the twentieth century that it is now used only for servants and children.

<sup>5</sup>It is not clear why these two men should disguise themselves for their journey. Often the travelers of this type of story are the padishah and his grand vizier, for whom disguise may be a matter of privacy or security. Although functionless, this element may be a carryover from such tales.

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they came at noon to a fountain. There they took their ablutions<sup>6</sup> and performed their noon prayer service. They were just about to begin eating their lunch when a dervish appeared suddenly out of nowhere.

"Selamünaleyküm, Kaleli Bey and Ahmet Dervish."

"Aleykümselam, dervish father," they both responded. But they were both so thoroughly disguised that they thought no one could possibly identify them. "But how did you recognize us?" they asked

I should have deserved pity if I had not been able to recognize you

"Well, if you know that we are Kaleli Bey and Ahmet Dervish, then you may well also know the wish we have in our hearts.

"Neither of you has any children in this world. Before leaving the city, you thought that somewhere else you might possibly encounter a holy person who could somehow help you attain your wishes. One man's camel may be another man's prayer.<sup>7</sup> Is that not so?"

<sup>6</sup>It is a Moslem requirement that one take ritual ablutions before every prayer service, regardless of where one is to pray.

<sup>7</sup>Apparently, a proverbial expression to describe different means of achieving human goals.

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"Yes, that is so," they agreed.

The dervish then drew from his pocket two apples and gave one to each traveler. "Each of you should eat half of the apple I have given you, and each should have his wife eat the other half. If one of you has a son and the other a daughter as a result of these two apples, will you have them married to each other?"

"Yes, of course we will," both men said at the same time.

"There is just one warning that I must give you," said the dervish. "You are not to name the children. I shall return to you and name them at the appropriate time."

After the dervish had disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared, Kaleli Bey and Ahmet Dervish started back toward Erzincan. When they got home, each shared with his wife the apple he had received from the dervish. After nine months had passed, the wife of Ahmet Dervish bore a son, and the wife of Kaleli Bey gave birth to a daughter.

Both of these babies were well fed and well cared for. As a result, they seemed to grow as much in a month as some other children do in a year. But by the time a full year had actually passed, both of these babies were still nameless. One day several of the other beys in the city



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went to visit Kaleli Bey and Ahmet Dervish. They said, "You are both prominent men to whom Allah has given healthy children. It is time now that they were named. Why don't you give them names?"

"A dervish told us to wait to name them until he himself returned to confer names upon them."

But the visitors argued, "Isn't a dervish only a human being? How do you know whether he is still alive or whether he is dead? Come, let us sacrifice a sheep, give a feast, have a Mevlüt<sup>8</sup> performed, and then name your two children."

"Very well," said the fathers of the two children.

A sheep was slaughtered and a feast was prepared. As the food was being served, the dervish suddenly appeared. "O dervish father, where have you been?" asked Kaleli Bey.

<sup>8</sup>Mevlüt (or Mevlit) is a lengthy cantata celebrating the birth and life of Mohammed. Often it is used as a requiem service forty days after a death, and, if the family can afford it, it may be repeated annually as a memorial service. It is partly chanted, partly sung, to musical accompaniment by a group of several instruments. A Mevlüt service is a rather expensive production, and not all families can afford one. Mevlüt was composed in 1409 by Süleyman Çelebi of Bursa. It is said to be Turkey's only major contribution to religious music.

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"I have been waiting for just such a time as this," he said. After they ate and drank, and when the feast had been concluded, the dervish said, "Bring the children. The two children were brought to him, and the dervish held one in each arm. He then said, "May this boy's name be Asuman, and may this girl's name be Zeycan." Then, turning to the fathers of the two children, the dervish asked, "When these children come of age, are you going to have them married?"

"Yes," answered both fathers.

"Are you going to have them married?" he asked again.

"Yes," the fathers repeated.

"Are you going to have them married?" he asked for a third time.<sup>9</sup>

"Yes," the fathers said for the third time.

<sup>9</sup> In Turkish culture, saying something three times gives it a stamp of finality. Even in trivial matters this is true. For example, if a person says, "No," when asked if he wishes to have a cup of coffee, the host does not know for certain whether that person really does not want coffee or is refusing out of courtesy or shyness. But after the question has been asked three times and received three negative responses, the host knows for certain that coffee is not wanted.

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"Very well," said the dervish. "I bind as witnesses to this statement all those present at this feast." He then bade his hosts farewell and departed

Throughout their childhood the two children were brought up together almost as if they were brother sister. Whenever their teacher was tutoring Asuman, Zeycan would act as their servant and bring them tea. When the teacher was tutoring Zeycan, Asuman would then act as servant and serve the tea

When they were fourteen or fifteen years old, a witch woman<sup>10</sup> visited Zeycan's mother one day and said, "How fine it is that your daughter has grown to maturity. Is it not time for you to have her married?"

The girl's mother let slip from her mouth, "She is already engaged to be married."

"To whom?"

"To Asuman."

Zeycan overheard this conversation between her mother and the witch woman, and she was surprised by what she

<sup>10</sup>In Turkish folktales, the word witch has various connotations. It may be a person associated with cosmic evil. It may be a person with supernatural powers who also may or may not be a ghoul. With or without supernatural powers, it may be an old woman available for hire to undertake nefarious deeds of various kinds. In this latest capacity, she may be simply a shrewd, wily, and unscrupulous accomplice in covert action against someone.

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heard. One day shortly after that as they were on the way to school, the two children came to a lonely place along the road, and there Zeycan kissed Asuman on the cheek

Asuman scolded her, saying, "Sisters do not kiss their brothers! What an improper thing to do!"

"Asuman, I also thought that we were siblings, but I have discovered that such is not the case. I am Kaleli Bey's daughter, and you are Ahmet Dervish's son. We are already engaged to each other."

Beginning at that moment love developed in the hearts of both Asuman and Zeycan. Every day after that they chose the loneliest paths they could find to walk to and from school so that they could kiss and hold each other. No one observed this except the witch woman, who went to Zeycan's mother and reported, "Today I saw your daughter kissing and hugging Asuman."

The mother was embarrassed at first to learn of this but as she thought of it, her displeasure turned to anger. She called Kaleli Bey to her and said, "Husband, I want you to tell Ahmet Dervish to move out of our mansion!"

"Why?"

"Because he is doing this and that to our daughter."

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Kaleli Bey was afraid of his wife, and so he followed her instructions in this matter. He called Ahmet Dervish to him and said, "We are not brothers or blood relatives of any kind. We are simply partners. Although we have gotten along well together in the past, those good terms between us ended today. I now want you to take your family and your belongings and leave this mansion." Ahmet Dervish moved at once from the mansion to another house.

One day, Asuman asked Ahmet Dervish, "Father, why is it that Zeycan never comes to our house?"

"Son, she is Kaleli Bey's daughter, and you are my son. At the age you have now both reached, it is not proper for a girl of one family to visit a boy of another family."

"Father, can't you go to that girl's family and ask for her hand in marriage to me by the will of Allah?"<sup>11</sup>

<sup>11</sup>In the past, most Turkish marriages were brought about not by love but by arrangement between the families of the bride and groom. Many are still so arranged. Usually a matchmaker is employed as liaison between the two families. When the matchmaker first broaches the matter to the parents of the girl, the language between them is partly formulaic. The opening statement of the matchmaker is this: "I have come with the will of Allah and the consent of the Prophet to ask for the hand of your daughter for X." There is no tangible proof that Allah has willed the marriage. The declaration of His will is probably in the optative subjunctive mode.

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"I can do that, Son, and I shall do it right now."  
Going to Kaleli Bey's mansion, he greeted his partner,  
"Selamünaleyküm."

"Aleykümselam," answered Kaleli Bey.

"Kaleli Bey, whatever has happened to our former good relationship, there are certain things that we should remember. We should remember how a dervish gave us apples that made it possible for you to have a daughter and me to have a son. The dervish returned later and named the two children, and at that time we promised him again that when the children grew up we would have them married. Now I have come with the will of Allah and the consent of the Prophet to ask for your daughter as bride for my son

When Kaleli Bey heard this request, he said, "Let me consult my wife about this.

Kaleli Bey's wife was infuriated by this question. "What? Do you mean that you are even considering giving our daughter to the son of a man who is practically our slave?" She grabbed a stick and shook it at her husband in a threatening way. Frightened and very upset, Kaleli Bey fled. Returning to Ahmet Dervish, he took out all of



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his emotions against his partner by beating him severely. He then shouted at Ahmet Dervish as he was leaving, "If I ever catch that catamite that you call your son, I shall rape him and throw him off the roof!" There were some young men standing nearby who heard this remark.

When Ahmet Dervish returned home with his head bloodied, Asuman was alarmed. He asked, "What happened to you, Father?"

"I went and asked for the hand of Zeycan for you, and Kaleli Bey agreed to give her to you. I was so pleased about this that I became careless in the way I was walking, and as a result I fell down the stairs, striking my head.

long will it be before the wedding is held?"

"Forty days," answered Ahmet Dervish.

Asuman began counting the days one after another. When the thirty-fifth day had come and gone, he said to himself, "I shall go and walk around Kaleli Bey's mansion to see whether they have yet begun to make any preparations for the wedding." As he was wandering about in the area close to the mansion, he met a couple of his friends, and they began to talk among themselves

One of these friends said, "Asuman, my friend, are

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thirsty for your own blood?"

"What do you mean by that?" Asuman asked

"Asuman, because you are my friend, I feel sorry for  
About a month ago Kaleli Bey beat your father and  
threw him down the stairs. Then he shouted to your father  
that if he could catch you, he would rape you and throw  
you off the roof. That is why I am sorry for you, and  
because you are so young, I am telling you about this."

"Is that really so?"

"Yes."

Asuman returned home and said, "Father, how badly  
you have treated me! What you did might have cost me my  
life! Why didn't you tell me what had really happened at  
Kaleli Bey's mansion when you went there to ask for the  
hand of his daughter?"

"Son, I felt so ashamed that I could not tell you  
the truth."

Then Asuman said, "Father, from this moment onward  
do not interfere with what I do. I shall take care of  
myself." He then left his home and began wandering  
about Erzincan like a lost sheep. After he had been  
wandering through streets and marketplaces for a while

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he heard saz<sup>12</sup> music coming from a coffeehouse. Seeing some âşiks<sup>13</sup> inside, he entered the coffeehouse and said, "Selamünaleyküm."

"Aleykümselam."

"Masters, what I learn will be mine, but what I will be yours. Will you accept me as your apprentice?" The âşiks looked and saw a handsome young man, and after some talk among themselves, they decided to accept him as their apprentice. Asuman then began working with these âşiks.

One day he went home to see his mother briefly. When he got there, he found his mother dressed in all finest clothes. He asked, "Mother, is there a wedding or some other celebration taking place in this part of the city?"

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henna<sup>14</sup> on your hands?"

"Son, tonight is the Night of Power.<sup>15</sup> Tonight, Allah may well grant whatever one wishes for in a prayer. I, too, have a wish, and that is why I am dressed this way."

"I have an even bigger wish," the boy said. Going to his room then, he took ablutions and performed the prayer ritual. He also prayed to Allah to fulfill the wish he had in his heart.

In the morning he arose and went to work with the âşiks again, but he did not feel well. He said to the âşiks, "Masters, my body is weak today. I am going to go home and rest for a while." Asuman went home and fell asleep. In his dream, he saw a dervish. The dervish held Zeycan by one hand, and Zeycan held in her other hand the "drink of love."<sup>16</sup>

The dervish said, "Get up, my son. Allah has accepted your prayer. Drink the wine of love

<sup>14</sup>Reddish-brown dye used to stain the hands of women for festive occasions, especially weddings.

<sup>15</sup>The mother names the night Leyle-i Kadr. Whatever it may be called, it occurs on the twenty-seventh day of the holy month of Ramazan.

<sup>16</sup>This dream scene with the dervish presiding and the "love drink" that spiritually plights the troth of the lovers is a standard feature of many Turkish folk romances.

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from the hand of this girl." While this was going on in Asuman's dream, the dervish had Zeycan drink wine from the boy's hand in her dream. In this way their love for each other was confirmed.

On the following morning, the boy woke up later than usual because of the effect of the wine he had drunk. When he arrived at the coffeehouse, he was scolded by the âşiks for being late. One of the beys who was a customer at the coffeehouse overheard these remarks and he said, "Masters, this boy has been your apprentice for some time now. Have you not taught him how to play the saz so that he can sing and play for us?"

"You are right," replied the âşiks, and they began to show the boy how to hold and how to play the saz.

Asuman said, "Masters, first let me try to play the saz by myself. If I cannot play, then you will teach me, please." Taking the saz, Asuman began to play it as if he had been performing for forty years. Let us hear what he sang.

Having found my Lokman<sup>17</sup>, I need no doctor

For old wounds opened. (What say you now?)

<sup>17</sup>Legendary figure of ancient times who assumed several roles, the best known being that of a physician of both body and spirit.

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By Allah fed, I dive in the sea,  
 rise again like the flood of spring.

The customers in the coffeehouse listening to him  
 were amazed at how quickly he had learned to sing and  
 play. They said, "Son, you have become a fine âşık!  
 Sing and play more for us."

Taking up the saz again, Asuman continued to sing.

I gave a salute, received a salute.

desire within my heart became known.

I was given a glass of wine to drink.

Do you doubt that I drank the wine of love?

I have taken a drink of the Water of Life <sup>18</sup>

The Pir<sup>19</sup> of all âşiks has answered my prayer

The Pir has told me the verse I should sing.

I can open the book of that Pir when I sing

am Asuman singing the praise of the Pir.

My heart yearns to suck out the milk of life.

<sup>18</sup>Mythical water that gives immortality to the  
 drinker--abıhayat.

<sup>19</sup>The word pir refers to the founder of any trade,  
 art, religious order, or way of life. Here Pir clearly  
 refers to the Deity.



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Having glimpsed the length of the earth and the sky,  
I stand in awe at the wisdom of Allah.

The ağas<sup>20</sup> and beys who had been listening praised his performance. They said, "Very well done, son. You have become a fine âşık. Good luck to you!" Then turning to the other âşıks present, they said, "We have listened to you for a long while, but now that this new singer has come, you no longer seem so worthy. We shall listen to him from now on."

Let us leave Asuman there in the coffeehouse singing to that audience. While he is doing that, let us turn elsewhere to get news about what the girl is doing.

At the end of the night in which Zeycan had had a dream exactly like that of Asuman, the girl woke up feeling very weak. She was, in fact, too weak to arise from her bed. When the servants went to her room and observed her condition, they ran to her mother and said,

<sup>20</sup> An ağa is a landholder, usually wealthy and often quite powerful. That is the meaning of the word here. At times, however, the word may be used as a mild honorific to flatter or show respect to a man. In whatever way it is used, the word normally follows the given name of the person: Ahmet Ağa, Mehmet Ağa. A person so honored may have no land, wealth, or power whatsoever.

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"Your daughter is ill. Her face is so flushed that it is almost purple. She is conscious one moment and unconscious the next. We have never seen her in such a state before

The mother went to Zeycan's room and found that daughter was in exactly the condition that the servants had described. She said, "My girl, what has happened to you? Are you ill?"

"No, Mother, I am not ill. It is something else. In a dream I was given the wine of love to drink. I feel like playing a saz and singing. Have a servant bring me a saz from the marketplace

A servant was sent to the marketplace immediately to buy a saz. When she returned and gave the instrument to Zeycan, the girl took it into her hands and began playing it, slowly at first, and singing as she played

While this was going on, her father, Kaleli Bey, was walking back and forth on the balcony of his mansion. He was quite unaware of what was happening. He was a man with a big head, but that big head was empty

Now let us listen to what the girl will sing.

need no doctor of this mortal world  
lost my mind in a dream last night.

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I traveled the road of the Forty Saints <sup>21</sup>

I clasped my hands as I stood in their presence

gave me a glass that was brimming with wine.

I drank all the wine and felt as if drunk

With whom should I talk of my secrets now?

Should I now change my garments from red to black?

If they wish, let them call me the crazy girl!

âşiks can read the great book of life

And the Pir of the âşiks looked on me today

The Pir who controls all the nations of man

Give all my greetings to my beloved

The mountains and rocks cannot block my voice.

I have served my Pir at an early age.

Now Zeycan has bloomed as Asuman's rose

<sup>21</sup>In one variety of Moslem mysticism, the will of Allah is administered by groups of saints, usually invisible to ordinary mortals: The Forty, The Twelve, The Seven, and The Three. The smaller the group, the greater and more fundamental its power. Although Zeycan did not see The Forty in her dream, she recognized the dervish as the representative of The Forty, and thus indirectly she stood in their presence.

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Kaleli Bey heard the song that Zeycan sang, but he did not understand the meaning of her words. As I said before, his head was big but it was empty. Quite unaware of her message, he entered her room and said, "Well done, my girl! From whom did you learn those words?" While this is going on in the mansion, let us return to the coffeehouse and see what Asuman is doing.

Asuman continued to play and sing at the coffeehouse for some time, but he grew bored with the work and wished to do something else for a while. It was Friday, and he decided to attend the Friday noon prayer service at a mosque.<sup>22</sup>

As he was leaving the coffeehouse, he encountered the witch woman who had caused the conflict between Kaleli Bey and Ahmet Dervish. She asked Asuman, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the mosque."

<sup>22</sup>With the founding of the Turkish Republic, Sunday was declared the day of the week when businesses and governmental offices would be closed. The Moslem sabbath, however, is Friday, and the religious high point of the week is the Friday noon prayer service at the mosque. Many who do not attend many or any of the other prayer services (five daily), make a point of attending the Friday noon service. At that service there is always a sermon (hutbe) delivered, something which does not occur at most other services during the week.

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"Well, I am going to the women's mosque. They have built a new mosque for women. Come with me and I shall show it to you." She took him to the fountain outside Zeycan's home. There she said, "Perform your ablutions here. Then climb those stairs and open the outer door. When you do so, you will see the front door of the new mosque before you."

Zeycan was watching from above as Asuman took his ablutions. When he climbed the stairs and opened the outer door, he found Zeycan before him. She asked, "Where are you going, Asuman?"

"I was told that there is a new mosque here somewhere, and I was going there to attend the Friday prayer service."

"Is there any better new mosque than I am?" asked Zeycan. She then took Asuman by the arm and led him to her father's garden. There they talked together and there they cried together.

Asuman said, "Zeycan, I have come here to tell you something. Your father is very angry at me. I am going to leave this city and travel until his anger cools. I have come to ask you for a keepsake that I may carry with me in my travels."

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The girl was wearing a bracelet on her arm. It was made of gold, and it had a heart-shaped jewel on it.

"Take this," she said, "and remember that I am with you whenever you look at it." Asuman then cut off a lock of his hair, wrapped it in a silk handkerchief, and gave it to Zeycan. He then left that garden and returned home.

There he said, "Father, I am going to a foreign land. Kaleli Bey is angry at me, and he wishes to kill me. I shall return after his anger has had time to cool."

"You are too young to do that," Ahmet Dervish said. "You are too young to survive all of the difficulties you may encounter in a foreign land. Stay here instead, Son."

But Asuman refused to take his father's advice. He said, "My only choices are to go away or to stay here and be killed. I shall go. Listen now, Father, to what I have to say." He then sang these lines:

I am here to ask for permission to leave  
I know that the Bey desires to kill me.  
He wants to cause all my friends to cry;  
He wants to cause all my foes to laugh.



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I am here to ask for permission to leave.  
Tell my mother to fill my pack with food.  
I shall leave as soon as you say I may.  
I am here to ask for permission to leave

How Asuman will miss his home!  
Tears of blood will fall from my eyes  
Let me now kiss your hands in farewell.  
I am here to ask for permission to leave.

Asuman kissed both his parents' hands, and they bade each other farewell. Slinging his saz upon his shoulder, Asuman said, "Don't forget me in your prayers, and if we live, we shall see each other again." He then set out his travels.

After he had walked for some time, he met a shepherd, and in the distance he saw a row of tents. "Selamünaleyküm, he called.

"Aleykümselam," the shepherd answered.

"Brother shepherd, to whom do those tents belong?"

"They belong to Kaleli Bey. He has moved all of

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flocks up here in the mountains for the summer."<sup>23</sup>

Asuman thought, "Think of that! I have been caught in the hail while running away from the rain! If I go before Kaleli Bey in these clothes, he will surely recognize me." Then turning to the shepherd, he said, "Would you be willing to exchange clothes with me, brother shepherd?" Because his clothes were much better than those the shepherd was wearing, the shepherd was pleased to make this exchange.

Dressed now as a shepherd, Asuman slung the saz on his shoulder again and proceeded on to the tents of Kaleli Bey. When the Bey saw him approaching, he called to him, "Hey, shepherd! Are you also an âşık?"

"Yes."

"I also have an âşık here," said Kaleli Bey, pointing to Zeycan. Would you like to compete with her?"<sup>24</sup>

<sup>23</sup>It is common in much of Turkey to take flocks and herds of livestock to mountain pastures during the summer months. This practice relieves lowlands for crops. Pastures at higher elevations are cool and better for livestock than the sweltering plains. Often, however, it is an economic factor that prompts the move, for pasturage fees (whether on private or government property) are lower on otherwise unusable land. The summer pasture is known as yayla.

<sup>24</sup>Competitions between âşıks in Turkey and between minstrels in several other countries are common. Called capping contests in some places, they are sometimes called stoning contests in Turkey. There are traditional rules of procedure for such contests.

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Realizing that Kaleli Bey did not recognize him Asuman answered, "I shall compete on one condition."

"What is that?"

"If your âşık defeats me, I shall stay on as your slave forever, but if I defeat her, then I shall her away with me.

Kaleli Bey accepted this arrangement, certain that his daughter would win the contest. He thought, this wandering âşık should by some means defeat my daughter I shall give him some money and send him on his way. On the other hand, if my daughter wins the contest, I shall win a permanent worker at no cost."

During the contest, Zeycan and another woman sat on one side, and Asuman sat alone on the other side. Asuman immediately recognized Zeycan, but she did not recognize him. The girl started the contest. Let us hear what she sang:

Pure and deep are all the seas

I ask you, âşık, of your pirs.

Tell me now: Who are your pirs?

The boy picked up her words and sang.

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I have grown deeper than the seas.  
 Let my head be sacrificed for you.  
 Mountain streams have been my pirs.

The girl then sang.

saz is singing from its frets.

It asks about a certain place  
 Where is the place of the Forty Saints?

Asuman answered:

to be found in a marketplace  
 (I answer what you ask and say),  
 Their bodies lie in martyrs' tombs.

The girl continued her questions about The Forty.

Saints are harmless and quiet ones  
 Wondered and guessed about by all  
 But tell me now what they are like.

Asuman responded in this way:

I sensed The Forty but saw just one  
 Clasping my hands, I stood before him.  
 I saw a book in his possession

Picking up his last line, Zeycan sang:

Allah placed Ali upon a horse

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And sent him to help mankind.

tell me who brought the Four Great Books.<sup>25</sup>

Asuman answered:

ask who brought the Four Great Books.

(The âşık is always curious!

I say they were brought by Gabriel.

Âşıks are often in pain when they sing.

They suffer the aches of the nightingale.

Six hundred wings has the angel Gabriel.<sup>26</sup>

The girl continued this subject:

The angels stand ready to do their work,

But heaven is meant for human beings.

How many houris<sup>27</sup> are in that place?

When Asuman replied, he changed the subject:

Enter not into matters of love.

me instead of the earth and the sky

And the power that guides them and holds them in place.

<sup>25</sup>Reference uncertain.

<sup>26</sup>Traditionally, Gabriel has been said to have more sets of wings than other angels, but the exact number varies widely with different texts, different interpreters.

<sup>27</sup>In Moslem mythology, they are beautiful female angels who attend the wants and provide the many comforts to those who ascend to heaven.

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Having gone that far, the girl was unable to continue the line of thought they had been pursuing. Ashamed to fail entirely before her father, however, she pleaded:

Be open with words as you go along;

Spread light all around as you go along.

If you love your pir, be clear as you go.

Asuman replied:

Allah is Pir of all of us.

Our time on earth is very brief,

And all parts of heaven belong to One.

Then turning to Kaleli Bey and those men who were sitting there listening with him, Asuman said, "Ağas and beys, your âşık has been defeated. Now give her to me as you promised to do

"Son, you are right. She asked you various question, and you provided answers to those questions. Now it is your turn to ask the questions and her turn to answer them. If she cannot answer the questions, then she is yours. Ask what you will.

The boy asked,

Who tries to discover the essence of knowledge?

Who is able to cut the Kandil rock?<sup>28</sup>

<sup>28</sup>Reference unknown



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And who are they who behead themselves?

Who is the master of all such concerns?

The girl responded,

infidels know the essence of science.

It is they who can cut the Kandil rock

Clouds in the sky cut off their own heads.

The master of knowledge is Gabriel.<sup>29</sup>

Then Asuman asked some riddling questions:

The more you give him, the more he wants.

What is it that hides within the heart?

What is it that survives both wind and flood?

What are the things that are so described?

The girl's answers were these:

The servant is ever asking for more.

It is faith that lies hidden within the heart

It is wheat that will grow in both wind and flood

These are the things that your questions described.

Asuman offered more riddling questions:

Who are they who migrate daily?

is it that never accepts any blame?

What has four mouths, and what three eyes?

What are the things that are so described?

<sup>29</sup>Although this is an exact literal translation of the text, the passage is obscure.

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Zeycan answered:

The dead keep migrating every day.

It is Satan who will not admit any fault.

The book has four mouths, and the dervish three eyes.<sup>30</sup>

These are the things that your questions described.

Asuman continued his questions:

What will not rust when thrown on the ground?

What will stay dry when it falls in the sea?

What is unlikely to fall from a horse?

What are the things that are so described?

Again the girl had ready answers:

It is gold that won't rust if it lies on the ground.

Sun rays stay dry though they fall on the waves.

A corpse neither mounts nor falls from a horse.

These are the things that your questions described.

Asuman again sang:

What is it that grows branch after branch?

What keeps swinging to left and to right?

What is confused by whatever it gets?

What are the things that are so described?

<sup>30</sup>This sounds pat enough to be a familiar riddle, but it is entirely unfamiliar to the ATON staff.

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The girl sang back,

Fruit on the tree grows branch after branch

A cradle keeps swinging back and forth.

A babe is confused by whatever it's given

These are the things that your questions described.

Asuman's next questions were these:

What may start with a drop and become a small lake?

What tiny objects may grow into mountains?

What solid shapes pass into solution?

What are the things that are so described?

Zeycan's answers were these:

Crying starts with one tear and ends with a pool

Grains of sand may heap into peaks

Fruits sooner or later will turn into liquid

These are the things that your questions described

Asuman then asked still more riddling questions:

What has three legs but is not alive?

What has forty but has no blood?

Who had great strength but then had none?

What or who are the things described?

Zeycan replied,

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A stool has three legs but is not alive.

A bridge may have forty but has no blood.

A builder's great strength goes into the building.

These are the things that your questions described

Then Asuman asked what turned out to be his last set of questions

What is it that always kills itself?

What is it that always fills its skin?

What is it that wakens the universe?

What are the things that my questions describe?

At this point Zeycan was unable to continue, for she could not answer those final questions. Asuman turned to Kaleli Bey and said, "Your âşık has again been defeated. Give her to me now so that I may continue my journey."

Kaleli Bey answered, "Son, she is only an Arab servant. She will not be of any use to you. I shall give you some money instead, and then you may go on your way."

Asuman said, "Oh, if a great bey like you will not keep his word, then I do not need his money. What should I do with money?" Having said this, the boy slung his saz on his shoulder and started away.

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But the ağas and other beys at the mountain pasture who had listened to the contest of âşiks said, "Kaleli Bey, you have not done the right thing. That âşık will travel around the world telling his story and disgracing your name. Either you should not have challenged him to compete against the girl or you should have kept your word in this matter

Kaleli Bey then gave orders to two of his armed guards. "Go and catch that unknown âşık. Tell him that Kaleli is going to give him the girl. Then take him a short distance off the trail and behead him."

The guards ran after Asuman. By then the girl began to wonder who the strange âşık might be, for she felt sorry for him. The guards called to the boy, "Where are you going? Do you really think that a great bey would fail to keep his word? Wait, for he is going to give you his daughter!" Delaying him in this way, they were able to capture him. Taking him aside, they prepared to cut off his head.

By then, Zeycan was running toward them to discover just who the boy was. As Asuman saw her coming, he said to the guards, "Since you are going to kill me anyway, let me

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first speak a few words to this girl." One of the guards had within him a little mercy, and so he untied the boy's hands. Taking his saz from his shoulder, Asuman prepared to sing to Zeycan. Let us hear what he will say.

Beloved, I went to your mansion door.

And was sent away as if a slave.

Your father now will take my life.

I tell you so that you will know.

Zeycan responded.

How dare you call me your beloved?

You know not how to play life's game.

You uttered insults to a bey.

Your words will cost you now your life.

Asuman explained his situation.

I left the city for the hills.

Your father called me to his side

And forced me to compete with you.

I have no fault, so save me now.

Zeycan still defended her father.

You forgot your lowly shepherd's rank

And spoke too boldly to a bey.

How could you dare to ask for me?

My father is just in killing you.



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Asuman appealed to her again.

father called me to his side  
And made a bargain heard by all  
As loser now he wants my life  
Have you no mercy for my youth?

Zeycan repeated her accusation

you have placed yourself at fault.  
There's no escape from death for that.  
A poisoned arrow should be yours  
My father is just in killing you

Asuman sang,

My only fault was what I said,  
But you refuse to hear my plea  
filled with tears, I beg of you:  
Have you no mercy for my youth?

Zeycan then softened her response.

I, Zeycan, comb my hair in grief.  
I'll stab myself with my lover's blade.  
I am here to ask your origin.  
Where is your home? What is your name?

Asuman then revealed who he was.

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My home is fresh-aired Erzincan.

My love a prisoner in a cage

She gave this keepsake with its jewel.

I need it not. Now it is yours.

As soon as she saw the jeweled bracelet, Zeycan exclaimed, "Oh, Asuman! Then it is you!" Rushing to him, she embraced him, and as she did this, she untied the remaining ropes that held him. Then she took him to her tent and tried to hide him there, but the guards followed. They waited outside the tent to kill Asuman as soon as he stepped outside.

Zeycan went out and said, "Guards, I have something to say to you. Spare this beautiful life, or my tears will flow forever. Spare this beautiful life so that I may some day see again the face of my beloved. I shall give you this belt full of gold if you will spare this beautiful life. He will wander from mountain to mountain, from land to land. Spare this beautiful life."

The guards began talking among themselves. They said, "Kaleli Bey will not follow us here to see whether we have carried out his orders. Let us kill a chicken and take its blood back to him. Blood is blood, and he will have no way of knowing it is not the blood of this boy."



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Asuman was in this way allowed to escape. He fled blindly from mountain to mountain until he was completely exhausted. Finally he collapsed beneath a pine tree. As he sat beneath that tree, unable to go any farther, snow began to fall. As the snow began to cover him, he said "Let me pray to Allah one last time." Then he prayed to Allah, saying, "O, mighty Allah, here is my last request of you. My heart has grieved for some time, but it will grieve much longer, for I have not the strength to survive this snow and this storm. The mountain peaks are capped with mist, and winter has come to this high land. I am not sure why I came here. My home was Erzincan, but now it is these rocks, and this latest home I cannot leave. Let my beloved Zeycan know that I have died. Let her remove her red clothes and wear only black. My Allah, I give my life to you, and all I ask is continued faith."

After Asuman was almost completely buried in the snow, the dervish who had earlier given him the wine of love appeared. He dug Asuman from the snow and carried him to a sunny field. As the boy grew warmer, he at last came to himself again. Standing up, he looked around and discovered that there were no longer snow, mountains, or pine trees around him. Instead, he was in a green meadow, with

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dervish walking in a circle around him

"Crazy boy!" said the dervish. "What are you doing here?"

"I don't know. I had intended to go to Basra, but I did not know the way and I became lost, dervish father."

"Crazy boy, I am going there, too. I could take you on my horse, but I warn you that this horse often behaves wildly, sometimes going along the ground, sometimes flying through the air."

"Dervish father, I would go along with you, but I am hungry and have nothing to eat."

The holy man reached into his pack and took out some food for Asuman. After the boy had eaten that food, the dervish took him by the hand, and together they mounted the horse. "Close your eyes," said the dervish. After a moment, he said to Asuman, "Open your eyes." When the boy opened eyes, he found himself in a large city

In that city there was a man named Afyoncu<sup>31</sup> Baba who owned a coffeehouse. He had built that coffeehouse thirty years earlier, but he had never had any customers. Every day he would sit in front of that coffeehouse hoping that

<sup>31</sup>If this name were taken literally, it would suggest that the owner was selling something other than coffee. Afyoncu Baba means Opium-selling father.

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customers would come. He was sitting there as usual when the dervish father and Asuman came along

"Selamünleyküm.

"Aleykümselam."

The dervish said, "Afyoncu Baba, I am going to entrust you with this boy until I return."

"Oh, I thought that a pair of customers had finally arrived! Well, have him go inside the coffeehouse." Saying that, the owner, disappointed, led Asuman into the coffeehouse.

Because the coffeehouse had done no business for many years, it was very dirty and in badly run-down condition. Still having a few kuruş<sup>32</sup> in his pocket, Asuman hired a few workers from the marketplace<sup>33</sup> to clean the building thoroughly. He then bought some new coffee cups and a few other needed supplies. Then he sat before the door of the coffeehouse and began singing as he played upon his saz.

<sup>32</sup>The kuruş was worth 1/100 of a Turkish lira. When rapid devaluation of the lira began in the late 1960s, it soon took hundreds of liras to equal the worth of a U.S. dollar. This made the kuruş worthless, and it soon disappeared as a unit of currency. In earlier years, however, the kuruş was worth much more and was by no means the coin of least value.

<sup>33</sup>In cities, unemployed laborers sometimes gather at marketplaces in an unorganized labor pool.

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This soon began to attract a few customers, for he performed very well.

I came here from my native land  
Exhausted by the pangs of love  
Fickle Fate let my rosebud fade,  
But love still bound me fast.

Now I'm a slave to the cup in your hand.  
Your words of concern affect my soul.  
I shall suffer long from loss of a loved one  
Whose lips had the look of tulip corals.

People of Basra who came to hear this âşık also drank a cup of coffee and left a piece of gold behind. Soon customers from the other coffeehouses in Basra began to come there. This movement of customers to Afyoncu Baba's coffeehouse became so great that the owners of other coffee-shops became alarmed. They held a meeting, and their leader said, "Let us gather some money among ourselves to hire a hoca<sup>34</sup> who can get rid of that âşık before our own businesses are ruined." They gathered a sum of money and looked for

<sup>34</sup>A hoca is a religious man, a preacher. Like the clergy of other faiths, Moslem hocas are not immune from corruption. Because they are men of religion, they are sometimes thought to have supernatural powers. A few hocas even claim that they can protect people from jinns and evil spirits and these frauds sometimes engage in "protection" racketeering.

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a hoca willing to undertake the work they wanted done. They were not able to find such a hoca, however

At a second meeting of these coffeehouse owners, one of them said, "There is a witch woman who lives at such and such a place. The wickedness of that witch is so great that even Satan avoids her. Let us hire her to get rid of Afyoncu Baba's âşık."

They located that witch woman and explained to her their problem and what they wanted done about it. She said, "What could be easier than that? That is exactly the kind of work at which I am best." She went at once to Afyoncu Baba's coffeehouse and began walking back and forth before it so that she could observe Asuman.

It happened to be a Friday. As noontime approached, Asuman thought, "It might be wise for me to attend the Friday prayer service at the nearest mosque. Perhaps that would cause my sorrow to be reduced for a while.

As soon as Asuman stepped out into the street, the witch woman took him by the arm and said, "Oh, son, all the women and girls of Basra are gathered at the Has Bahçe.<sup>35</sup>

<sup>35</sup>Literally, especially attractive garden. Sometimes (though not here) it has a connotation of being a heavenly garden.

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They said, 'Tell that âşık to come here and sing so that we can hear him too.'<sup>36</sup>

The witch pleaded with Asuman in this way, but he said, "I shall not go anywhere else before attending the Friday noon prayer service." He therefore left the witch and proceeded to the mosque.

While the prayer service was going on, the witch strolled around the mosque. When Asuman came out of the mosque, she took him by the arm to lead him to the Has Bahçe. When they reached the garden, however, Asuman observed that there was no one there. "You said that all of the women and girls of Basra would be here to hear me sing, but there is no one here."

"Well, they waited and waited for us, and they probably left, thinking that we were not really coming. Come. I shall show you around the garden." That garden was, in fact, part of the witch's own property. There was a large well at the center of that garden which could not easily be seen. The witch had had flowering vines planted

<sup>36</sup> Although this is a lie that the witch is telling, it is convincing because of the verisimilitude she uses. Since women were not allowed inside coffeehouses (and still are not in many remote areas of Turkey), it would be realistic of them to request Asuman to perform at some location accessible to women.

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around the well, and these slender vines completely covered the well mouth. The witch woman used to invite guests to pick some flowers from those vines, but when they tried to do so, they tumbled down into the well to their death. She had killed many men in this way. Now she said to Asuman, "Son, pick some flowers--roses, violets, or whatever you want. After that we shall go."

"I shall take just one rose," said Asuman, but as he reached for it, he tumbled down into the deep well.

When he regained consciousness, Asuman looked around the bottom of the dry well and saw dead bodies everywhere. "Alas!" he said. "I shall probably die down here also, for no one but Allah saw me fall into this well. I shall appeal to the dervish who had me drink the Wine of Love. He may be the only one who can save me." Instead of just speaking, he sang his message to the dervish.

I am left in the pit as Joseph was.

Help, dervish father, for you can save me.

Is my life to end here in this way?

Help, dervish father, for you can save me.

What is my fault that put me here?

What is their hatred that sought to kill me?

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What is my fault or what is my sin?

Help, dervish father, for you can save me.

When Asuman looked up, he saw the dervish looking down at him from the mouth of the well. "Foolish boy!" said the dervish. "Did you suppose that the ordeals of an âşık are few or easy? How much you had already suffered before you just called for help!"

After the dervish had removed Asuman from the well, the two of them began walking back toward the coffeehouse. Asuman seemed to be lost in thought as they walked along. Noticing this, the dervish asked, "What are you thinking about so deeply, Asuman?"

"Oh, dervish father," answered the boy, "who but I should be thinking deeply? I am thinking of my beloved back in my own country. That is what I am thinking about."

"Foolish boy, would you like me to bring you news about your love?"

"Yes, dervish father," said Asuman. He continued walking, but the dervish was no longer beside him, for that holy man had already gone to Erzincan.

He arrive there shortly after Zeycan had been sold to a padishah in marriage by her father. In those older days, whenever the daughter of a padishah or powerful bey was to



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be married, it was the custom for her to lounge about for forty days in a Has Bahçe, sunbathing and rubbing scented oil into her skin. That was what Zeycan was doing when the dervish reached her garden. First noticing him as he stood behind a rosebush, the girl said, "Don't touch those roses. I have none in my room, for they may injure one if one tries to pick them."

"Don't be angry at me, my sultana. I was only fondling your roses, not picking them." After they had talked for a while, the dervish said, "Asuman wants a keepsake from you."

Zeycan picked some roses and place them in the silk handkerchief in which Asuman had given her a lock of his hair. Handing these to the dervish, she said, "O, dervish father, tell Asuman to come here quickly! Otherwise I shall be gone!"

Asuman was still walking toward the coffeehouse, unaware that the dervish had ever left his side. Turning now to the dervish, he said, "Dervish father, is it suitable to a man of your rank and dignity to deceive a sorrowful âşık like me?"

"What do you mean?"

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"Well, you said that you were going to go to my country to bring me news about my beloved."

"I did."

"When?" asked Asuman. "I lowered my head for a moment, and when I lifted it, you were still here."

"Well, whose handkerchief is this?" asked the dervish, holding out the handkerchief full of roses. "Come! Let us settle your account with the owner of the coffeehouse and then let us go." After Asuman had received two bags of gold from Afyoncu Baba for his work at the coffeehouse, the dervish said, "I shall tie you to my horse, for in his wildness he sometimes runs on the ground and sometimes flies through the air. Without being tied to his back, you might fall off during his great leaps and plunges." Once they were mounted, the dervish said, "Now close your eyes!" In almost the next breath, he said, "Now open your eyes!" When he opened them, Asuman discovered that they were back in Erzincan.

As they dismounted, the dervish said, "Your father's eyes became blind from his crying about you since you first left home. Take a handful of soil in your handkerchief from this spot where we dismounted, for we shall need

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Then together they walked to Asuman's house and knocked on the door.

"Who it is?" asked someone from inside.

"Open the door, Mother. It is I."

"But who are you?"

"I am Asuman's friend. We used to eat and drink together in Basra. I have just returned, and he will very soon be here, too.

When she opened the door and saw Asuman, she shouted to her husband, "Our Asuman has come back!" She lost her mind in joy, began laughing and crying, and finally fell to the floor unconscious. When she came to her senses again, they all sat together talking.

"My son," said Asuman's father, "it is impossible for me to see you again in this world. Come closer, therefore, so that I can smell your scent."<sup>37</sup>

"Father, hopefully your eyes may be made even better than they were before you lost your sight."

<sup>37</sup> Both in Turkish folktales and in Turkish real life, the claim is often made that one can identify a kinsman by his odor. Even if that kinsman is not present, it is said that his/her scent can be detected in a room where he/she has been or on a garment which he/she has worn. Turkish olfactory organs are, of course, the same as those of all other people. Inasmuch as such scenting is not spoken of in some other places with so much conviction, one can only wonder if it is a cultural trait among Turks (and possibly selected others) to give more emphasis to scent and thus focus their sense of scent more keenly.

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They brought a basin of water and mixed into it the handful of soil that Asuman had brought from the spot where he and the dervish had dismounted. "Now say the Fatiha prayer<sup>38</sup> and dedicate it to the spirit of the blessed Mohammed, and as you do so, put some of this mud on your father's eyes." Asuman did as he had been directed to do, and his father's sight was restored. He did indeed see better than he ever had before. Then the dervish said to Asuman, "Son, our duty here has been completed, but we have duties elsewhere to perform

As the two were walking along, they saw a man playing a saz in a coffeehouse. That man was named Er Baba. After the two had greeted the owner of the coffeeshop and entered, Er Baba directed his lines at them

You spoke your greetings and stepped inside.

Tell me now, son, whether you know

That this is the place of maturity.

I'd surrender my head for the saint by your side.

Asuman immediately responded in kind.

I gave my greetings and stepped inside

Yes, this is the place of maturity,

<sup>38</sup>Prayer for the soul of one departed from this world. It may be part (especially the beginning) or all of the first chapter of the Koran.

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A quality not of age but mind.

I'd give my head too for the saint beside me.

This competition continued for some time, but in the end, Asuman defeated Er Baba. Some of Kaleli Bey's men were among the customers at the coffeehouse who heard this contest, and when they returned to the mansion, they reported to the Bey, "An unknown âşık came to the coffeehouse today and defeated Er Baba in a singing contest."

When Zeycan heard this report, she knew that Asuman must have returned, for only he would have been able to defeat Er Baba. Slipping out of the back door of the mansion, she ran to the coffeehouse and waited outside for Asuman. When he came out, she said to him, "Asuman, only the governor at Erzurum (at that time, Erzincan and Erzurum were united)<sup>39</sup> can ask for my hand for you. You must find some way to persuade him to do this. Otherwise I shall be forced to marry the foreign padishah to whom my father sold me, and then I shall never be yours." She then returned quickly to the mansion.

Asuman went in tears to the dervish. The dervish took one look at him and asked, "What has happened now,  
<sup>39</sup>Interpolation made by narrator, not by ATON editor.

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crazy boy?" When Asuman explained Zeycan's message, dervish said, only half aloud, "Was this to be part of our destiny, too?" Tying Asuman to his horse again, dervish mounted before him. They closed their eyes, they opened their eyes, and they found themselves in Erzurum.

As soon as they had dismounted, the dervish said to Asuman, "Go and find me a piece of paper on which I can write." When Asuman returned with the paper, the dervish wrote a petition with his own hand, and in that petition, he told the whole story of the ordeals suffered by Asuman. "Take this at once to the governor," he said to the boy.

Asuman went to the governor's palace and tried to enter it, but the guards at the door stopped him. When he tried again to enter, they again stopped him, and this time they punished him. Because he was still a boy, they did not beat him, but they slapped him and paddled him. But Asuman persisted, and he finally managed to slip past the guards and present the petition to the governor. Thinking it might be rude not to address a man as important as the governor, Asuman place his hand over one ear and sang these lines:

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Ruler of Turks and arm of the sultan,  
I have come to declare my respect for you.  
Mercy is what I request of you.  
Commands and orders are yours to give

My heart is burning with pangs of love.  
Its cure must be found within this day.  
Is it not proper to trust a great ruler?  
Commands and orders are your to give.

Show kindness and read my petition now.  
Read of the cruelty dealt to me  
Show mercy for my mistreatment now.  
Commands and orders are yours to give.

Your humble servant, I come to your door.  
I'm the horseman Asuman pleading for grass.  
For the love of the saints, render justice to me.  
Commands and orders are yours to give.

The governor began to read the petition, and almost  
at once he began to cry. The further he read, the more  
he cried. When he had finished reading the petition, the

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governor rang a bell, and a guard entered the room. The governor said to this guard, "There is a man named Demircibaşı Pencere living in such and such a place. Go find him and bring him here." When Demircibaşı Pencere was shown into his presence a short while later, the governor said to him, "Take 300 horsemen and go to the city of Erzincan. There you are to ask for the hand of Zeycan, daughter of Kaleli Bey, for this young man. You are then to have them married and escorted to the nuptial chamber. You are to get from them a signed paper which says, 'We have entered the nuptial chamber and attained our wishes. May Allah fulfill your wishes, too.' Then you are to stamp the seal of Erzincan upon that paper and bring it to me. Do these things or forfeit your head."

Demircibaşı Pencere, Asuman, and the dervish, along with 300 horsemen, started their journey to Erzincan. they were traveling along, they saw a farmer along the road. Demircibaşı Pencere called to him, "Come here, farmer! You are to go along with us to Erzincan. There I am going to give a very long account, explaining how this and how that happened to this boy. When I have ended this account, I shall ask you, 'Isn't that the way it all happened, farmer?' You will then reply, 'Yes, it is.'"



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They arrived at Kaleli Bey's mansion at night. Demircibaşı Pencere said, "Kaleli Bey, I have some business to finish with this farmer, but while I am doing so, you are to gather and bring here all of the judges and hocas of the city." When all of these people were assembled, Demircibaşı Pencere related from beginning to end the sufferings Asuman had endured at the hands of Kaleli Bey. When he had finished his long account, he turned to the farmer and asked, "Didn't it all happen in this way, farmer?"

"Yes, it did," replied the farmer

Kaleli Bey then interrupted, saying, "But look at my daughter! Then look at this boy, and look at this farmer! I am not going to give my daughter to that boy! How can you break the promise made to the foreign padishah for this girl?"

"You scoundrel!" said Demircibaşı Pencere. "You are the promise breaker, not I. That is your part of the story, not mine!" Saying this, he arose and slapped Kaleli Bey several times.

The dervish then came forward and said, "Now I shall step on your foot with further information. I was the one who gave you the apple which made it possible for you to

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have this daughter. I was the one who gave both Zeycan and Asuman their names. I was the one you promised several times to have these two married by the will of Allah. You agreed to do this! Why did you cause Asuman so much suffering?"

Asuman interrupted at that point, saying, "Spare his life, dervish father."

They prepared a wedding ceremony for Asuman and Zeycan, and on the following Friday night, they placed them in the nuptial chamber. On the following morning, the newlyweds handed to Demircibaşı Pencere a piece of paper on which was written the following statement: "We have entered the nuptial chamber and attained our greatest wish in this world. May Allah fulfill all of your wishes and those of all Moslems." Demircibaşı Pencere then stamped that document with the seal of Erzincan and delivered it to the governor at Erzurum.

This is the way our story ends.

They ate, drank, and lived their lives.

The ram will die, but its wool remains;

The brave may die, but their fame remains